APRIL 19, '75.

Arrival of the Presidential Party in Boston.

History of a Day's Strife in 1775.

"LEXINGTON'S ALARMS" AND "CONCORD'S FIGHT."

The Midnight March and Morning Battles of the Grenadiers.

More About the Disputed Point of Tradition.

OPINION OF RICHARD FROTHINGHAM.

CHARLESTOWN, April 16, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

The British troops, under Colonel Smith, left Boston April 18, 1775, at half-past ten o'clock P. M. and arrived at Lexington at half-past four A. M. on the 19th, when his command fired on Captain Parker's company, killing eight and wounding others. They returned the fire, wounding two of the British. The latter reached Concord about seven o'clock, and stationed a guard at the old North Bridge. About ten o'clock they fired on the provincials and killed two of them. The Americans then fired in return and killed one of the enemy. Colonel Smith was two hours occupied in preparing to return. At twelve o'clock, midday, while leaving Concord, the minute-men began to drive him. At two o'clock P. M., he was saved from destruction in Lexington by Earl Learch with a reinforcement. The fight continued until the whole body of the British found shelter under the guns of the men-of war at Charlestown.

Lexington can justly claim the honor of having spilled the first blood in the war of the Revolution. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM.

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

CONCORD, Mass., April 15, 1875.

By this rude bridge that crossed the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

It is only natural, perhaps, that a hundred years after the American Revolution Lexington and Concord should be fighting the first battle of the war over again. Whatever pains we may take to secure the truth of history it is never sure. It was a great point with our ancestors that the war for independence should begin as a war of resistance, and this being the case it becomes a grave and important question with us who fired that first shot, which Lord Chatham predicted would separate the two countries. On the part of the British many blows were struck before the cruel massacre at Lexington aroused the American people to action; but the blows were not returned till that April morning when "a flock of Yankees" met the flower of the British army at Concord Bridge. All this is now a mooted point; but as to the fact, I think there is the amplest testimony. One day those "embattled farmers" fought against the King, and they swore to the occurrences the next before the King's justices of the peace. At that time Lexington did not claim to have returned Major Pitcairn's fire, while Concord boldly avowed the resistance which gave the Old North Bridge the first place in American history. Mr. Edward Everett Hale tells us that when a New England historian related to Henry Clay the story of the depositions which followed the battles of the 19th of April, 1775, the great orator and statesman was much amused and said, "Tell me that again." It somehow seems necessary to tell it once more after the lapse of 100 years, for, notwithstanding the pains that were taken to secure the truth of history, Lexington and Concord are far from agreeing about it to-day. Each is getting up a celebration of its own, and there is almost as much excitement over it as when it was learned from Paul Revere and Ebenezer Dorr and Dr. Samuel Prescott that Lieutenant Colonel Smith's column had been ferried over from Boston to Phipp's farm, in Cambridge, during the night, and was on the way to destroy the provincial stores at Concord. It is "a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and has been the source of some bright wit as well as warm controversy. Major Pitcairn's unfortunate pistol-shot on Lexington Common led to the first loss of life in the American Revolution. The volley fired by the British in that historic town killed eight of the patriots and wounded many others, but there was no resistance, and the column pressed on to Concord. Here Smith's force was met by the "Minute Men" from Acton and other neighboring towns, the determination of Revere to

——spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country folks to be up and arm

having been accomplished far and wide, and the two men killed on the spot where the new statue has been erected were both Acton men. This led to the famous toast at the Union celebration a quarter of a century ago, proposed by an Acton man:—"Concord fight—Concord gave the ground and Acton furnished the men." But as between Lexington and Concord it has come to be no joking matter, though the fact that they should be quarrelling over the glories of the past in their present determined way is in itself a joke, the whole point at issue being at what point the war began. This is a poor pun I know, but I do not believe the after-dinner speeches next Monday will supply a better one, and at any rate it is not more absurd than to see these people fighting the first battle of the Revolution all over again. To my mind the quaint phraseology of a hundred years ago determines the whole matter in dispute, and forever settles the question as to which place is entitled to the most credit for that day when

——the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

It was the custom of our grandfathers to speak of "Lexington alarm" and "Concord fight," and "the shot heard round the world" was not fired till grenadier and patriot met face to face at Concord Bridge. There never was a "battle of Lexington" at all until after "Concord fight," as the bridge has been telling the "monument" now these many years, and I for one, while confessing a proper American reverence for everybody's grandfather, do not hesitate to say that on the 19th of April, 1775, Ralph Waldo Emerson's had the advantage of Theodore Parker's. It may be true enough that when old John Parker saw the grenadiers coming as he waited for them by the meeting house in Lexington, his single drum beating the first note of resistance all the while, he uttered the words attributed to him by tradition, "If they mean to have war, let it begin here." But it is more certain that the response to Pitcairn's even more famous utterance, "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Damn ye! Why don't ye lay down your arms and disperse!" was complete, if not instant obedience. William Emerson, of Concord, on the other hand, testified in his diary that he "was uneasy till the fire was returned," and he saw it returned with interest as soon almost as it was received. Captain Parker himself declared that he ordered his company to disperse and not to fire, and it is only repeating an old story to say that the Lexington patriots did not return the fire of their enemies. Mr. Edward Everett Hale to the contrary notwithstanding. It must have been so or else the depositions which Mr. Hale tells us were to "secure the truth of history" were a cowardly lie. This is a conclusion I, for one, would be slow to accept, and it certainly reflects no discredit upon the 130 militia of the Lexington company—only sixty of whom could be hastily got together when the cry was raised. "The Regulars are coming"—that they failed to resist 800 grenadiers trained to arms and seeking to provoke a conflict.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Before attempting to picture the historic scenes, so full of fruitful themes for the historian and poet as well as the patriot, it is necessary to have a clear understanding of the events which led to the "Concord fight." The province of Massachusetts, and, indeed, all the provinces, under the leadership of men like Hancock and the Adamses, John and Samuel, were ripe for rebellion, if not yet prepared for revolution. A provincial Congress had been established at Salem and Concord, and the militia was organized for resistance in case of necessity. Military stores were provided, and this quiet Massachusetts village, now especially remarkable as the home of philosophy and the seat of the muses, then the principal inland town in New England, was the chief storehouse of the provisions. Every farmer's barn, the Town House, the Court House, the tavern shed and the miller's loft all were filled with the muniments and munitions of war. Tents, cannon, cartridges, canteens, cartouch boxes, round shot, grape, canister, shells, spades, picks, billhooks, axes, wheelbarrows, wooden plates and spoons, bolsters, belts and saddles, rice, fish and flour and many other articles "too numerous to mention," were collected here, and Colonel James Barrett was made the custodian of all these treasures. The Committee of Safety and Supplies by which this astonishing outfit had been gathered—the tents alone numbering 1,100—aware of its dangerous character as well as its precious quality, not only enjoined Colonel Barrett to "keep watch day and night" over the stores, but never to "so much as mention the name powder, lest our enemies should take advantage of it." At the same time General Gage had an army at Boston ready to quell the spirit of resistance everywhere manifest, and as the Concord secret could not be kept, such secrets being as unsafe as a woman's, the capture of the Concord store houses and the destruction of the stores was a necessity. He took his measures accordingly, but his movements were as difficult of concealment as the presence of the military stores at Concord. If tories stole to Boston to tell of the doings of the patriots the patriots were equally alert and active in watching the operations of the British. Gage's intended movement was revealed even before it begun. A babbling woman, partly intoxicated, spoke of it in Hall's distillery. A sergeant major communicated it to Jasper, the gunsmith. No sooner had it begun than Dorr, the leather dresser, carried the news over Boston Neck and through Roxbury to Lexington, while Paul Revere, impatiently waiting for the signal lights in the spire of the old North church, was ready to gallop away on the same errand. The story of that midnight journey has often been told, but never so well as in Longfellow's beautiful verse, which rivals even Buchanan Read's dashing description of the not less famous ride of "Sheridan, Sheridan, Cavalry Sheridan," nearly a hundred years later. It was necessary to pass through the village to reach Clark's house, where Hancock and Adams were staying, and one can almost see, as with Revere's eyes to-day,

——the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed:
And the meeting house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

MARCH OF THE GRENADIERS.

The news thus scattered over the country was responded to by the minute-men in all the towns from Cambridge to Concord, and Colonel Smith, who was in command of the column, saw the necessity of sending back for reinforcements, even before he was fairly on his way. These, under Lord Percy, did not reach him till he was far on his return, beaten, dispirited and almost destroyed, and it is no wonder that Percy, too, was doomed to disaster when it is remembered that a Roxbury boy, who sat on a wall to see him pass, recalling the legend of his noble house, ominously said to him, "You go out by Yankee Doodle but you will come back by Chevy Chase." The main force left Boston after ten o'clock at night on the 18th, the good people of that town being usually in their beds before that hour. Embarking in boats supplied by the naval vessels in the harbor, the little army was conveyed from the bottom of the Common, near where the old Providence depot stood, to Lechmere's Point, not far from where the Insane Asylum now stands. Thence it took up its march through Cambridge and Metonomy, now West Cambridge, toward Lexington. Major Pitcairn was in the advance with six companies of light infantry. It is not certain whether he knew that old John Parker, the grandfather of Theodore, was waiting to receive him on the little green in front of Lexington church, but at all events he did his work so well that Parker believed no enemy was coming, in spite of the news which Revere had brought, and dismissed his company to meet at the tap of the drum. Pitcairn captured all his scouts except one, Thaddeus Bowman, who reached Lexington just in time to allow the militia to form in two ranks a little north of the meeting house, while the English were so near they could hear the drum call the men to arms. The march was immediately hastened to a double-quick, Pitcairn galloping in advance and uttering that historic exclamation which will make his name execrated while the history of the American Revolution is recited. There were some desultory shots from the English, and then a volley from the whole line, the Americans being quickly dispersed, with a loss of eight killed and nine wounded. They sleep near where they fell, a modest monument noting their last resting place. There may have been one or two shots fired in response, though even on this point authorities differ, but the English gave three cheers in recognition of victory, and pressed on to Concord, where they captured the town and took possession of both bridges.

THE SCENE OF ACTION.

Sunday was a splendid day. The skies were blue and bright and the air as balmy as in midsummer. Though the prospect was not so fine as on the 19th of April, 1775, the grass not yet being green nor the trees in blossom, it was just the day to see, for the first time, the scene of action at North Bridge, Concord, one hundred years ago. In the afternoon I walked down Monument street to the bridge to look at the spot where freedom's battle in America began with shot and shell. Somebody told me an ancestor of General Grant was in the fray, and as I looked upon the scene—two hillsides gently sloping down to the placid river which creeps rather than runs between, and recalled the fact that the President is to be here in a few days to take part in the coming festivities, I thought of an incidental chat I once had with him on the art of war, which has a peculiar appositeness when applied to the events of the field upon which I was gazing. This was the conversation:—

"You have lately returned from Cuba, Mr. Correspondent?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"How do the Spaniards and Cubans fight?"

"From different sides of hill, Mr. President."

"And where do they put the hills?"

"Between them."

"Ah!" he said, laughing very heartily, "I don't think we ever did that, but in our war both sides occasionally found a stream between the two armies a great convenience."

It must be confessed it was a decided convenience to both sides at "Concord fight." If there had been no river there would have been no bridge and if there had been no bridge, I believe, there would have been no battle. It was a nice, romantic battle field to march down to; it was even, as the British found it, a good place to run away from. I think the stream gave courage to both sides—to the Americans to attack, to the English to flee. As I looked upon the scene I could fancy I saw Colonel Smith's force holding the bridge, while the lovely slopes beyond were made to appear terribly earnest by the little band of patriots whom Emerson has so felicitously called the "embattled farmers." Slowly the gathering "minute-men," too weak in numbers to meet the enemy, had retreated before the forces of His Majesty the King until the town was completely in the hands of the invader, while its defenders were on Punkawtasset Hill, nearly a mile away on the other side of the river. The village of Concord is built along the outer base of a semicircular ridge which extends from Hawthorne's new house to the Old Manse, from which he gathered so many delicate mosses. The enemy entered by the Lexington road, covering the ridge with his skirmishers as he advanced. When first seen by the Concord militia he had passed the spot where Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson resides and was near what is now the centre of the town. As measures had been taken the day before to remove the stores Colonel Smith found little to destroy, but he halted his forces for some time as if waiting for the reinforcements he had demanded. During his stay Major Pitcairn, who was a swearing fellow, but no Lord Dundreary for all that, entered the village tavern and poured out a glass of brandy, which he sweetened to his taste, but not finding a spoon to stir it he mixed it with his fingers. At the same time he said in bluff soldier fashion that that was the way he would stir up the blood of the Yankees before the day was over. Some hours later he was unhorsed as he was going away, defeated and disgraced. In the earliest engraving of these scenes he is represented as standing with a spy-glass in his hand in the old cemetery in the middle of the village, this graveyard forming a part of the ridge, and being to this day a striking feature of the old town.

"CONCORD FIGHT."

While Pitcairn was drinking in the tavern, and surveying the scene from the ridge above the cemetery, the patriot force was rapidly augmenting, and Smith's delay proved precious time to them. At last the main body of the enemy moved once more, however, and, passing the Old Manse, where the young minister of the town, Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, then resided, gathered near the North Bridge, which commanded the village and separated it from its defenders. A detachment was sent across to search for the stores believed to be secreted at Colonel Barrett's house, two miles distant, while another detachment guarded the South Bridge, which was further up the river. It was still as early as nine o'clock in the morning, and as the spring was a forward one the scene must have been exceedingly lovely and picturesque. The present season is a late one, and water still covers much of the ground that was solid earth on April 19, 1775; but in spite of this it is difficult even now to find many lovelier spots. Concord is fortunate not only in owning a battle field—the first in the history of the Republic—but in owning one that is so beautiful. It is impossible to look upon this ground, so rich in historic associations and made so grand by the heroic determination of a few men, without feeling that nature did well in lavishing so much beauty upon it. Here are the hills as of yore, changed only in a few unimportant particulars. There are fewer boulders, perhaps, and some stone fences cut up the slopes into fields; but the fields are the same, and they form the Buttrick estate now as they did then. Major John Buttrick, who owned the battle field, commanded the attacking party, and he left a proud legacy to his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren, not only in his farm, but in his fame. His grandson, Stedman Buttrick, died only last December; but his descendants still look with pride upon the scene of his exploits, and there are still those of his blood to celebrate his deeds of one hundred years ago. Down the King's highway, side by side with Major Buttrick, marched Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, who, with a member of his company, Abner Hosmer, was the only man to fall in the struggle at the bridge. It had been the purpose of the Concord men all the morning to resist—to return shot for shot. "Let us stand our ground," said William Emerson, when the liberty pole had been abandoned and a new position taken. "If we die let us die here." More prudent counsels prevailed, and an hour later, when urged to attack Colonel Eleazer, Brooks demurred, "It will not do," he said, "for us to begin the war." But Isaac Davis had started that morning from Acton, declaring, "It is the King's highway, and we have the right to march upon it if we march to Boston." Smoke rose from the town, and Colonel Barrett gave Major Buttrick the order to lead the attacking party down the hill. "Men, if you will follow me," Buttrick said, "we will go now and see what they are about." On the way he met Davis at the head of the minute-men, and while the two were marching into the jaws of death side by side, the Acton hero said, "There is not a man of my company who is afraid." Two planks had been taken up from the bridge, and more were to be removed, but the Americans ordered the British to desist. The response was the volley which killed Davis and Hosmer. The fire was returned with deadly effect, and in a moment the astonished grenadiers were in confusion and retreating. Their dead were left where they fell. Reinforcements checked the stampede for the moment, but the example of those at the bridge was contagious, and soon the whole column was flying by the road it came. The Americans crossed the hills in the rear of Mr. Keyes' house, still standing between the battle field and the village, and after traversing the meadows beyond the ridge and being joined by the men from Billerica and Reading, again offered the enemy battle at Merriam's Corner. Words cannot more fitly describe the scene at that time than those chosen by Mr. Longfellow when he tells us:—

How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

THE STAMPEDE OF THE GRENADIERS.

It was high noon when the stampede became irretrievable, and such was his despair that tradition says Colonel Smith would have surrendered at Merriam's Corner if he could have found any one to accept his sword. But the pursuit was as disorderly as the retreat, and battle followed battle all the way to Cambridge. The King's troops went by the King's highway, and the Provincials kept to the fields and woods. Most of the timber has since disappeared, and only a few pines gathered in clusters here and there denote the appearance the country must have presented. The road no longer runs over the surface of the hills, but has been cut down and graded to meet modern necessities. Over the rough and uneven wagon path the British grenadier ran and battled as best he could, while the farmers, skilled in the use of the rifle, and deadly in its aim, dropped them dead or wounded in great numbers by the wayside. Merriam's Corner is Merriam's Corner still, but it no longer shows any traces of the second conflict on the spot by the brook where two more British soldiers bit the dust. A little further on was the wood, and on both sides of it there was a severe struggle, first with the Sudbury company, and then with the whole pursuing force just in the edge of Lincoln, where the severest encounter of the day took place. But every hillside was a battle field, almost every tree a fortress, and so the attack continued till the grenadiers rushed down the hill into Lexington, up which they had marched so gayly in the early morning. Here Captain Parker and his militia had their opportunity, and they improved it, and here, at two o'clock in the afternoon, occurred the last regular conflict of the day. This was the real battle of Lexington, but the massacre of the morning did more to arouse the American people on that day and for many days than all the struggles of that eventful 19th of April. At Lexington Colonel Smith was joined by Lord Percy's brigade; but the retreat was continued after a short rest and there was no respite for the unerring aim of the Provincials until the beaten grenadiers reached Cambridge and were safe under the guns in the harbor. The British lost 300 men that day, probably many more, while the American loss was less than 100. The King lost, besides, an empire in America, for the War of Independence had at last begun. Out of the irregular pursuit sprung regular organization, and soon there was an army of patriots in Charlestown. It was indeed "a glorious morning," as Samuel Adams said when he heard the shots of the massacre at Lexington, but the glories of the evening were even more effulgent, and "Concord fight" gave birth to Bunker Hill and the Fourth of July and all the grand achievements which have made the American name honored wherever the story of that is told.

MAKING HISTORY.

I can hardly turn away from the recital of so much that is grand in the history of human endeavor—so much that is noble in the resisting of tyranny and wrong—without alluding once more to the fierce contest now going on between the rival towns for the greater share of the glory. For many years there have been great efforts at manufacturing history so as to support the rival claims of each. As late as 1850 Amos Baker, of Lincoln, told the story of the battle of Concord Bridge, at which he was present, and Jonathan Harrington, the fifer, at Lexington, related that of the massacre on the green. Their affidavits are interesting enough and true enough, but nothing could be more absurd than the attempts of recent years "to glean the materials of Revolutionary history," as Lowell puts it, "from the lips of aged persons who took part in the actual making of it;" and while I cannot quite agree with him that these old people, "finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand" as long as they lived, yet from all that I have seen and heard since I came here I am inclined to rejoice with him that all the centenarians are gone, much as I regret the common mortality of those "venerable men," the story of whose exploits in the history-making line are so humorously portrayed in the introduction to Hosea Bigelow's verse:—

Old Joe is gone, who saw hot Percy goad
His slow artillery up the Concord road;
A tale which grew in wonder, year by year,
As every time he told it Joe drew near
To the main fight, till faded and grown gray,
The original scene to bolder tints gave way;
Then Joe had heard the foe's scared double-quick
Beat on stone drum with one uncaptured stick,
And see death come, the long hunting tale to lop,
Himself had fired and seen a redcoat drop.
Had Joe lived long enough that scrambling fight
Had squared more nearly with his sense of right,
And vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
Had hammered stone for life in Concord Jail.

PREPARATIONS AND ARRIVALS.

BOSTON, April 16, 1875.

The preparations for the celebrations at Concord and Lexington are going forward with great vigor, and, if the present activity is any sign, the event will be signalized by a spirit as determined as that which inspired the minute-men on the 19th of April, 1775. The pavilions in both towns, which are to accommodate the multitudes, are nearly constructed, and the decorations are in a forward state of progress. In Lexington the "first blood" is to be commemorated by proper mottoes, and mottoes and sentiments will be affixed to all of the historic places, as Mr. Clarke's house, where John Hancock and Samuel Adams spent the night of the 18th of April, Buckman's Tavern, from which Solomon Brown blazed away at the British, and the dwelling of Jonathan Harrington, the last of the band whose deeds are to be celebrated. In Concord the same course is to be pursued; but there the great interest centres in the battle field at the old North Bridge, though the site of the liberty pole and the other historic spots are to be marked by appropriate emblems. And now the prayer is that the day may be fair and everything propitious for an event which can come only once in a hundred years.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

As seems appropriate on such occasions, the President is the first of the guests to arrive. He reached this city at five o'clock this evening, being met at Springfield by Senator Harwood, on behalf of the Massachusetts Legislature, and when the train reached Boston His Excellency and party were at once escorted to the Revere House, where they spent the night. Soon after the arrival of the Presidential party at the Revere, so called in honor of Paul, whose portrait hangs in the office of the hotel, they partook of a bountiful dinner, and, if their appetites are to be taken into the account, there never was a healthier lot of statesmen on a patriotic pilgrimage. The doors of the west dining room were thrown open, and, like boys at the menagerie, the men of Boston went to see the animals feed. There, in full view of the visitors, were Vice President Wilson, rosy as ever, Belknap, hirsute and bland, and Robeson, jolly as he always is, and Jewell, looking a perfect gem, not in the least off color because Connecticut went against the administration, and George W. Childs, representing journalism on the "inside track," to say nothing of Delano and Babcock and Colonel Hamilton Fish and the rest.

POST-PRANDIAL PASTIME.

The party sat late at table for a hasty dinner party with engagement at the theatre, and, indeed, most of them appeared as hungry as old Adam in the play they purposed seeing. After dinner the young fellows went flying around with cigars in their mouths. These were the Massachusetts patriots, who are receiving the party, and they wore such magnificent uniforms and looked so grand, altogether, that I shrunk modestly back, and only succeeded in getting General Babcock to shake me with his right hand and the Vice President with his left. It was ten o'clock before the President and the rest started for the theatre to see Mrs. Rousby in "As You Like It." Some of the jokes in the hotel suggested that they seemed to like their dinner better than the play.

Governor Gaston was in waiting at the hotel, and informally received and welcomed the President and party. To-morrow morning the President will be driven out to Beacon Park, to inspect the blooded stock. At one o'clock P. M. he will visit the Massachusetts Club, and at two o'clock P. M. will be entertained at a banquet at the Commercial Club rooms, at which Governor Gaston will preside. At eight o'clock P. M. the Presidential party will take a special train for Concord.

PITCAIRN'S PISTOLS.

The first shot fired on Lexington Common in the early morning of April 19, 1775, may not have been the one which was "heard round the world." It would not be well for any person to say now that it was, for he would invite destruction from the hands of the debaters over the cause of that poetical remark. Yet the shot, fired at Lexington by Major Pitcairn, the British Major of marines, was the explosion whose sound, bounding on the air through the length and breadth of the American Colonies, startled the ears of every patriot and made them painfully acute for the shrieks and groans of the minute men who were massacred on the green of the Massachusetts village. Major Pitcairn's shot signalled the massacre, and the massacre signalled the Revolution. The boastful and brutal Pitcairn never dreamed that the brethren of the men at whom he discharged his pistol would very soon possess that little arm after having first wounded its proper owner. When in the gloaming on the green, he said arrogantly to the sixty or seventy boys and men standing anxiously but without fear:—"Disperse, ye villains, ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms," he expected a sudden scampering of scared provincials. He was maddened that not one of the villagers moved, and, crying out "Why don't you lay down your arms and disperse," he fired his pistol. The massacre followed. To the ordinary man it is a pleasant thought that it may have been one of the villagers who escaped unhurt from Lexington Common, that later in the day, following the retreating British like a Nemesis, sighted and shot Major Pitcairn. At all events he was shot, and his equipments were captured, the pistol with which he began the bloody day, and its companion or the holster being among the prizes. Those weapons are now in this city in the possession of Dr. W. Irenæus Prime, the editor of the New York *Observer*. The writer visited the office of Dr. Prime yesterday and was shown

THE PITCAIRN PISTOLS.

They are of the old fashioned flint lock, smooth bore and straight trigger pattern, about twelve inches in length from stock to muzzle and most richly chased with filigree designs. At that time they evidently were considered as weapons *de luxe*, such as might fittingly be carried by a dandy British officer. The history of their descent from the possession of Major Pitcairn to that of their present guardian may be detailed as follows:—

On April 19, 1775, at the early hour of two in the morning, 136 militia men of Lexington were assembled on the common, but when word was brought that no troops were coming they separated to their homes, to return at the sound of the drum. At half-past four, by order of Captain Parker, the signal was given of the approach of the enemy, and the brave men of Sergeant Monroe's company, some of whom were in a few minutes to die, took their posts near the church. When the British appeared, Major Pitcairn commanding, that officer was on horseback. He shouted an order to the Americans to lay down their arms and disperse. This order producing no effect, he drew his pistol and fired it, at the same time giving to his soldiers the command to fire. The events that followed form the familiar history of the War of Independence. The British, having compelled the retirement of the militia after many had been killed or wounded, went to Concord; the news of the morning's work spread over the surrounding country; the minute men rushed to the scene of action; and when the British, at noon, began their return march to Boston, they were in the midst of an enemy's country and every inhabitant an armed soldier. Major Pitcairn's horse was wounded, and with his equipments fell into the hands of the Americans. Confusion spread through their ranks.

Major Pitcairn was wounded and unhorsed. The horse, having lost his rider, ran over the fields, till

CAPTURED BY ONE OF THE MINUTE MEN

and taken back to Concord. The animal and the accoutrements were subsequently sold in that town at auction. Captain Nathan Barrett, who commanded one of the militia companies of Concord at the old North Bridge, purchased the holsters and pistols, and offered them to General Washington, then in command of the provincials around Boston. He declined them. Captain Barrett then presented them to General Israel Putnam.

Israel Putnam, the hero of the wolf den and Horseneck Hill, who had won honors in the French war and had been made a brigadier general at a special meeting of the Connecticut Legislature, having heard of the explosion at Lexington, unyoked the team with which he was ploughing and rode on horseback sixty-five miles in one day to Cambridge, Mass., and put himself immediately into contact with the American leaders. To him was assigned the command of the militia, and his dash, daring and skill, as displayed at Bunker Hill two months afterward, form brilliant passages in the early history of the war. It was very proper that the pistols which belonged to Major Pitcairn should be committed to his hands.

His grandson was Mr. John P. Putnam, a graduate of Williams College, Massachusetts, a citizen of Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y., which was afterward divided into three towns, of which White Creek was one. He was a gentleman of great culture and worth, and a very special friend of my childhood. He had in his possession, and received from his father and grandfather, General Putnam, a brace of pistols, which he preserved with the greatest care and exhibited to his friends as interesting relics of the Revolutionary war.

They are now the property of his widow, and she has very kindly acceded to Dr. Prime's request to permit them to go to Lexington to be exhibited there at the approaching Centennial. They were undoubtedly the pistols used by Major Pitcairn in giving the command to the British soldiers to fire upon the Americans on the morning of April 19, 1775, and one of them is, therefore, the first weapon discharged in the War of the American Revolution. The following certificate by John P. Putnam recites the facts and the evidence that these are the pistols that were in the hands of Major Pitcairn on that day:—

CERTIFICATE.

I am a grandson of the late Major General Israel Putnam. I have a distinct recollection of these pistols for more than sixty-three years. My first recognition of them was seeing them on the drapery of the General's coffin as he was borne to the grave. They were then the property of my father—a gift of his father—and have remained in the possession of my father and myself down to the present day.

From my uncles, Colonel Israel Putnam and Colonel Daniel Putnam, who were both aides-de-camp to the General, and from my father, I have often heard the following statement, namely, "that at the commencement of the war of the American Revolution these pistols were the property of Major Pitcairn, of the British Army; that on his retreat from Concord and Lexington to Boston, on the 19th of April, 1775, his horse was shot under him, and fell near a party of pursuing Americans; that the Major narrowly escaped capture, leaving his horse and equipage; that his pursuers stripped the horse of his furniture, of which these pistols formed a part, and

BROUGHT THEM INTO THE AMERICAN CAMP,

and a few days after, on his arrival at camp, they were presented to General Putnam, who carried them through the residue of his active service in said war."

And I do further certify that, in the year 1827, I spent a short season at Lexington, had these pistols with me and was there introduced to three of the members of Captain Parker's company of militia that was attacked by the British forces at that place, and that one of them, a Mr. Monroe, I think, stated it as his firm belief, from recollection of something unusual in their construction, that he saw one of these pistols that morning in the hand of the commander of the detachment, who he afterward learned was Major Pitcairn, and saw him discharge it before any other shot was fired at said company.

JOHN P. PUTNAM.

WHITE CREEK, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1851.

CERTIFICATE OF COLONEL AARON BURR.

I certify that, from inspection of a pair of steel-mounted pistols now in possession of Mr. John P. Putnam, and this day shown to me by him, I believe them to be the same pistols which were carried and used by Major General Israel Putnam in the war of the Revolution. That I was the aide-de-camp to General Putnam and I believe I often saw said pistols in his possession.

A. BURR.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1835.
Witness present, ALEXANDER S. TUTTLE.

Not the least part of the extraordinary interest at this time attaching to these weapons is contributed by the document bearing the signature of Aaron Burr, which original paper was exhibited to the writer by Dr. Prime.

AMUSEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC REHEARSAL.

This old and well known society gave a public rehearsal (the last but one before the last concert of the season) yesterday afternoon, and despite the inclemency of the weather there was quite a fair attendance. The programme for the closing concert is an admirable one and diversified enough to suit all tastes. It commences with the "Manfred" overture of Schumann, one of the most remarkable works of that gifted composer. Then follows the overture fantasia to "Paradise and the Peri" by the recently deceased English musician, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. Berlioz is represented by his whimsical overture, 'Les Francs Juges,' and Beethoven by his immortal Fifth Symphony, in C minor. The soloists at the concert will be Miss Annie J. Borie, soprano, and Miss Julia Rive, pianist, the latter selecting Liszt's concerto in E flat. The last concert of the society promises to be the most interesting, and under Mr. Bergmann's careful direction we may expect that ample justice will be done to all those works.

THOMAS' LAST EVENING CONCERT.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather last night there was a fairly filled house at the concert of Theodore Thomas, at Steinway Hall. The programme comprised a few novelties and some sterling favorites. The charming symphony, No. 2 in D, op. 36, of Beethoven; Reinecke's orchestral arrangement of Schumann's "Eastern Pictures;" the wonderful, fairy-like scherzo "Queen Mab," of Berlioz, and a number of selections from Wagner's "Meistersinger," formed the instrumental features of the concert, and were rendered with that perfection of *ensemble* and clear, intelligent expression for which this orchestra is ever famous. Miss Cary's beautiful voice was so effective in Gluck's "Che Faro Senza Euridice" that a re-demand was insisted upon by the audience. Mr. Bischoff sang the tenor solo, Siegesmund's Love Song from the "Niebelungen Ring" of Wagner. A farewell matinée will be given to-day.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

An amateur minstrel performance will be given at the Union League Theatre on Monday evening, for the benefit of the New York Homœopathic Hospital Fair Association.

Mme. Arabella Goddard has met with great success in every town she has visited in California, and we are informed that she will not visit New York until the middle of September next.

The fifth concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society takes place to-night, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The orchestra will be assisted by the Glee and Madrigal Society of Brooklyn and Mr. Hoffman, the pianist.

Mr. Adolph Neuendorff, manager of the Germania Theatre, will present "Giroflé-Girofla" at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 26th inst., receiving a grand testimonial benefit from the leading Germans of the city at the Academy of Music on the 22d inst.

"L'Ombra" was substituted for "Il Trovatore" at the Academy of Music, and gave Miss Hoffman and Miss Randell, the young American prime donne, another opportunity to display their talents. A farewell performance of "Ernani," with Miss Mohalbi as Elvira, will take place on Wednesday. There will be no operatic matinée to-day.

Mr. Charles Fradel, a local artist, who is now suffering from illness, has been tendered a testimonial concert at Steinway Hall this evening by the following artists:—Miss Emily Fisch, soprano; Miss Anna Drasdil, contralto; Mr. Bischoff, tenor; Mr. Steins, baritone; Mr. Mills, pianist; Mr. Brandt, violinist, and Mr. Bergner, violoncellist. The programme is a very choice one.

MATINEES TO-DAY.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mme. Ristori gives a farewell performance at this theatre to-day, appearing as Elizabeth, Queen of England.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"Big Bonanza" will be quoted extensively at this house in the afternoon.

WALLACK'S.—Mr. Montague will repeat his artistic performance of Rafael to-day.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Mlle. Aimée will cheer the hearts of the brethren of the City of Scandals this afternoon as "La Jolie Parfumeuse."

STEINWAY HALL.—Theodore Thomas announces a grand concert to-day, with Miss Annie Louise Cary as vocalist.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.—"Henry V.," one of the grandest spectacles that the American stage can boast of, united to an admirable cast, will be displayed this afternoon at this establishment.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Those who delight in gorgeous scenery and bewildering ballets may have an opportunity to visit the spectacle of "Ahmed," will be amply satisfied.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Frank Mayo as Davy Crockett will be the attraction at this house at the matinée.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The dramatization of Jules Verne's "Tour du Monde" has been remarkably successful at this theatre and will be the attraction to-day.

THE VINELAND SHOOTING.

Condition of Charles K. Landis and His Prison Treatment.

THE TACTICS OF COUNSEL.

The Statements of Landis Denied.

VINELAND, N. J., April 16, 1875.

Charles K. Landis, who shot Uri Carruth just four weeks ago to-day, still remains at the Cumberland County Jail in this city. He has a cell in the female department, of which he is the only occupant and is allowed the freedom of the corridor. His cell is scrupulously neat and clean, and as the prisoner has surrounded himself with his favorite books and pictures, his condition is as pleasant as circumstances will permit; but the confinement is very irksome to him and he is ill. His lawyer and physicians allow him to see no one on business and he is not permitted to excite himself by talking of the shooting or the circumstances that led to it. One of his Vineland lawyers was to have consulted with him to-day, but it was thought prudent to postpone the meeting on account of the prisoner's condition. The reports that Carruth is slowly improving lead Mr. Landis to think that the wounded man will recover, and he expresses a hope that he may. There is no immediate prospect of any effort being made by the prisoner's counsel to secure his release on bail under the English common law, which prevails in this State. If Carruth should die within a year and a day after the shooting, Landis would be indicted and tried for murder. Should he recover or seem likely to recover beyond reasonable doubt, a motion would be made by Landis' lawyers for the production of the prisoner before the Supreme Court, and his release on bail for trial on charge of assault with intent to kill, for which the Grand Jury would then indict him in the meantime. Landis will not be indicted and the Grand Jury will take no action until either one of the contingencies arises which I have stated. The general excitement hereabout has largely subsided, and public opinion apparently preponderates in Landis' favor. The counsel for Mr. Landis are Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia, Messrs. Potter and Nixon, of Bridgeton, and Messrs. House and Turner of Vineland. As will be seen from the above statement, the time of trial is extremely indefinite.

CONDITION OF MR. CARRUTH.

Mr. Carruth's condition has grown worse to-day. He had been gradually improving recently, and strong hopes were beginning to be entertained, but to-night he is in a very precarious state. He has not made any ante-mortem statement, however, and no arrangements for that purpose have been considered. Mr. Carruth does not care to talk of the shooting, and his physician, Dr. Tilley, will not allow any one to question him about it. He has, however, contradicted the statement of Landis as to any words passing between them before the shooting. He has no recollection of anything being said. He also denies that he was armed at the time, and positively asserts that he never has at any time carried weapons since he has lived here. He expresses no animosity toward Landis and is still hopeful of his own recovery. Your correspondent has just left the bedside of the patient, but by the desire of the physician, who feared that mentioning any of the particulars of the assault would excite him, did not converse with Mr. Carruth upon that subject. The reports of his improvement have been much exaggerated. He has not been able to sit up or be removed to his home, and still lies in the little room adjoining his printing office. He cannot even be raised in bed, but the fact of his being alive even is sufficiently marvellous, considering that he was shot with a terrible weapon at only eight feet distance, and that a half-ounce ball is still imbedded in his brain.

CONTRADICTIONS TO LANDIS' STATEMENT.

Many of the statements made by Mr. Landis in the interview published exclusively in the HERALD, are contradicted by Mr. Carruth's friends. For instance, as to the assertion about copies of Carruth's newspaper being thrust into Landis' house in such a manner that it was impossible to keep them out or prevent Mrs. Landis from seeing the articles referring to her, Miss Clute, who keeps a book store, states that only an hour before the shooting Mrs. Landis' maid servant was sent to her establishment to purchase an *Independent*, which she procured, and that others had previously been sent for. They also profess to discredit the attempt of Landis to commit suicide in his agony and desperation before he shot Carruth, in proof of which they cite the fact that fifteen minutes before the assault he made a shrewd business contract which, they claim, demonstrates his coolness and deliberation. They further assert that it would have been impossible for Landis to have spoken to Carruth before firing without being heard by the printers, which seems very probable, as the partition between the rooms is very thin. Among many similar stories afloat is one to the effect that it was not Mrs. Landis who was accustomed to practise with a revolver in the parlor, but Mr. Landis himself, and that he admitted as much to a gentleman here.

LANDIS PRACTISING.

It is also said that there is a gentleman living in Millville who is ready to go upon the stand and testify that some months ago, before Landis went to Europe, he stopped in a pistol gallery in Philadelphia for a little amusement, and that the proprietor of the place said to him, "We have a regular customer from your part of the country, who comes here to practise." "Indeed!" said the gentleman, "who is it?" "Charles K. Landis, of Vineland," was the reply; "he has been practising here for six months." This story was told me with great emphasis and particularity, but I am unable to ascertain its truth. It is announced that the Attorney General of the State, the District Attorney of the county, and Mr. Carruth's private counsel, who will probably be Mr. L. Newcombe, will assist in the prosecution when Landis' trial takes place. I clip from the files of the *Independent* the following specimen of dignified journalism, as a specimen of one of the many paragraphs which led to the shooting:—"We are happy to announce to our neighbors that Mr. Landis' pig-pen is not likely to smell to heaven the coming season. The swine have emigrated." This was published just after Mr. Landis sailed for Europe, and as there had been no reforms in the reformer's pig-pens, it was given a figurative rather than a literal interpretation by the general readers of Mr. Carruth's journal.

HIS EXCELLENCY.

DEPARTURE OF HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT GRANT FOR BOSTON.

His Excellency President Grant, of the United States, with his party, remained at the Fifth Avenue Hotel until shortly before ten o'clock yesterday morning, when they took carriages for the New Haven Railroad and proceeded on their way to Boston. His Excellency was accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Secor Robeson, of New Jersey; General Belknap, Secretary of War; the Postmaster General, Mr. Jewell, and General Babcock, with several other less distinguished people.

His Excellency was in charge of the Sub-Committee of Arrangements from Boston.

Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris and the other ladies of the household will remain at the Fifth Avenue Hotel until the return of His Excellency from attendance at Concord on the Centennial Celebration of the battle of Lexington.

His Excellency's Secretary of State, Hon. Hamilton Fish, took a later train for Boston, but will be in time for the grand reception banquet at the Revere House this evening.

ART SALE.

A collection of paintings belonging to the estate of the late John C. Force, of Brooklyn, were placed on exhibition yesterday at the Somerville gallery previous to being sold at public auction. The collection contains examples of English painters whose names are well known on this side of the water, but whose works are seldom seen. Many of the paintings are of considerable importance, and will, no doubt, bring good prices. The sale begins on the 21st, and will be continued during the two following nights.

A SNATCHER SNATCHED.

James Lee, who gave his address as No. 49 Forsyth street, was arrested last night by Officer Hanley, of the Fifteenth precinct, on complaint of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Jacobson, of No. 88 Clinton street, who charged him with having snatched her pocketbook, containing a large sum of money, while she was standing on the corner of Macdougal street and Clinton place. The thief was arrested by the officer a short distance from where it is alleged that he snatched the pocketbook. He was locked up in the Mercer street station house, and will be taken to court this morning.